

WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH?

Why don't you laugh, young man, when troubles come, instead of sitting 'round so sour and glum? You cannot have all play, And sunshine every day; When troubles come, I say, why don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh? 'Twill ever help to soothe The aches and pains. No road in life is smooth; There's many an unseen bump, And many a hidden stump O'er which you'll have to jump. Why don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh? Don't let your spirits wilt, Don't sit and cry because the milk you've spilt; If you would mend it now, Pray let me tell you how: Just milk another cow! Why don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh, and make us all laugh, too, And keep us mortals all from getting blue? A laugh will always win; If you can't laugh, just grin—Come on, let's all join in! Why don't you laugh?—James Courtney Challiss, in N. Y. Independent.

THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.

BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

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CHAPTER V.

Harvey Neil rode over to Tomtown the next morning pursuing his way thence to Orodelphia, the county seat, and the one town of considerable importance in that part of the country, where he betook himself to his attorney, Donald Bartels.

"Brigham has gone back on us," was his abrupt announcement, as he sank wearily into the chair the lawyer had hospitably pushed forward.

"Not," said Bartels, looking very grave. "What are your reasons for thinking so?"

"Col. Meredith rode over to see him yesterday. I found that out by accident, and of course my suspicions were aroused at once. To-day I rode over to Tomtown myself, and the first look at the fellow's face told me that I was right."

"Did you put the question to him straight?"

"No; where would have been the use? He was prepared to deny it, naturally. I thought it more to the purpose to raise my own bid—and did not raise it high enough. I saw that in his face, too, although he was cannily non-committal. Either he is intending to skip out before the trial or—"

"We can have a subpoena issued for him," put in Bartels, thoughtfully. "But if he has gone over to the other side he would be of mighty little use to us. I believe you will have to raise your bid again, Neil. What did you offer him?"

"A thousand dollars if we win, and his expenses from the time I got him here. I paid him good wages as long as he was working in the Grubstake, you know."

"Yes; but you will have to make the figure a good deal more than that, I imagine, if the colonel is in the market against you. We want him, if it is a possible thing."

"Yes; but the question is, what is he worth to us?"

"Well, with the average jury, he would be worth a good deal. He not only worked the Grubstake long enough to have the lay of the land and all his figures down pat, but he had that conversation with McCready which is worth more to us than all the rest. If we can bring him to swear that McCready told him he didn't care if he were on Mascot ground—that he owed you one, anyway, and he'd see that the ground was stripped so clean that there would be mighty little left for you by the time the court could stop him—that might be mighty good testimony for us. In fact, Brigham is our principal witness, of course, and we've got to hold on to him if it is within the range of possibility. You'd better see him and have a perfectly clear understanding at once. Find out what the colonel's figure was, and go him one better."

"And next thing the colonel will be out-bidding me again, and I shall be facing the same proposition with an added cipher, I suppose," Neil gloomily rejoined. "The poor old Mascot seems to have been hoodooed from the first to last."

"Oh, I don't know. I am not particularly concerned about the results in this case, I can tell you. The decision of the United States supreme court in the Amy-Silversmith case has put a stop to all controversy in respect to an owner's right to follow his lode in its downward course beyond his side lines. The ruling is clear beyond question that the owner of a claim, where the apex of his vein crosses the side lines and not its end lines, has no extra-lateral rights at all; that is, he cannot go outside his lines upon any pretext whatever. The fact that the Grubstake was the prior location cuts no figure. As was held in the case of the Iron Silver versus the Elgin Mining company, if the original locator of a claim cannot or does not make the explorations necessary to ascertain the true trend of his vein and draws his end lines ignorantly he must take the consequences. The claim of the Grubstake that its vein makes a turn at the point where it crosses the Mascot, assuming that it would hold water, effectually disposes of any extra-lateral rights by virtually conceding that the apex of the vein crosses the side line. It only remains for us to prove the continuance of the Mascot vein, which, with the developments you have been making, should be easy enough. Oh, no; if we only get the right kind of a jury, I have no apprehensions as to the verdict."

"But what possible chance have we to get the right kind of a jury?" returned the young man, dejectedly, re-

garding the cigar he was nervously turning in his fingers as though the fact that it had gone out was one more happening in the train of ill luck that pursued him. "It seems to me that the average jury is simply a pack of asses."

"Too true. But asses may sometimes be led by the nose, you know."

"And sometimes they are up for sale to the highest bidder."

"Oh, as to that, you know the sheriff, and if you think that Meredith is going to touch him with any ordinary figures—"

"In the case of Brigham we seem to have evidence that the colonel is capable of extraordinary figures upon occasion."

"Well, he can afford to pay a pretty liberal percentage to win, for a fact," Bartels imperturbably rejoined. "But you carry a check-book as well as he. To tell the truth, though, the jury is not troubling me; I am a good deal more disposed to be doubtful about the judge; although as to him—well, I may be borrowing trouble."

"Why, what's the matter with him?" And the match which he had lighted was allowed to burn Neil's fingers in his surprise. "I thought Duval was all right."

"Well, so he is, probably," returned the lawyer, with some embarrassment. "Only—well, I accidentally discovered the other day that he had been mixed up with the colonel in some mining deals down in Mexico. I don't know what it amounts to; I don't know that he would dare go too far anyway; but—"

"Can't we get a change of venue?" demanded Neil, looking worn and sick.

"Oh, I don't think it would do to go as far as that. It would prejudice him against the case; and if he were pre-disposed against us of course he would oppose the motion, and—Oh, no; it would hardly pay us to make such a break as that, all things considered. But I was thinking, if he could be approached just right—"

"Again the check-book might prove mightier than pen or sword," exclaimed Neil, bitterly, as he bent to scratch a new match against his boot-sole. He relighted his cigar, smoking for a moment in gloomy silence before he added: "And this is justice in Colorado!"

"It is life; not much worse in Colorado than in the rest of these United States, I fancy. As Senator Ingalls puts it, 'Purity in politics is an iridescent dream.' He might have gone further and said that purity in anything is a dream little likely to be realized before the millennium. But don't take it all too seriously, Neil. As I said before, I doubt if Duval would dare go too far in any case. He is working for reelection. And our main reliance is on the jury, anyway, and with them you certainly have an equal chance with the other side."

"For which I should be lifting my eyes in thanks to heaven and devoting myself to burnt offerings and sacrifices, I suppose," rejoined Neil, hotly. "By Jove, Bartels, look at it! Can you imagine a greater outrage? Here I give up some of the best years of my life to toiling and moiling in that mine, laboring like a convict, until at last I make a strike. A rich strike; but what has it cost me? Nobody knows who has not tried it, what it takes out of a man to live and work for years like that. He pays the price of success out of his very arteries; he is just so much the poorer in actual life-blood; he has burned out that much of his candle of life, and it is gone, never to be regained. He is old and all the wealth of the world will never give him back his squandered youth. It would seem, considering all things, that he should be entitled to his paltry wages; but far from that, every highwayman in the land is at liberty to harass and despoil him, provided only the methods are chosen with reference to the accommodating blindness of the law. Col. Meredith walks into my mine and steals my ore; I call upon the courts for redress, and justice, in beautiful impartiality, grants Col. Meredith as well as myself an injunction, shutting me out of my own ore body until an addled jury can decide to whom it really belongs. If a tramp should come along and steal my coat, I could have him sent up for sixty days, with hardly the delay of an hour; but this high-toned thief can rob me of thousands, and my only redress seems to be to allow judge and jury and witnesses to rob me of thousands more. It is enough to make a man swear."

"Well, swear, then. It may do you good," laughed the lawyer, but his glance was sympathetic. "It is tough, for a fact, Neil. But you've gone a little too far over to the pessimistic side now. It might be worse."

"That is such a consolation!" ejaculated the young man, savagely. They smoked on in silence for a few moments, when in a milder tone he went on to say: "And, by the way—of course it might be worse—"

"You don't mean that there is another item of trouble?" ejaculated the lawyer, with a laugh of joking dismay. "Well, I don't wonder you are down."

"I should say not. And in this instance another fellow is down as well. The superintendent has inflammatory rheumatism, and from the doctor's report to-day it looks as though there would hardly be a chance in a hundred of his getting upon his legs again in time to be in court when the case is called. His testimony doesn't amount to much, to be sure; but to have it happen goes to prove, as I said before, that the case is hoodooed from first to last."

"We need all the help we can get," rejoined Bartels, gravely. "We can take his deposition de bene esse, of course; but we would have to apply to the courts for leave and give the other side time for cross-examination, you know. It would make delay."

"Then, in heaven's name, let us do without him!" exclaimed Neil, with an air of desperation. "I would rather

run my chances than drag along this way a day longer than necessary. Let us know the worst and be done with it."

"Oh, in this case it will be the best. Never fear, old fellow. Only we want to make as good a fight as we can. Perhaps we can get along without your man, though; I will think it over and decide. Meantime, remember that a man is never undone till he is hanged; and a case is not to be counted lost till it has passed the court of appeals."

CHAPTER VI.

Windy Gulch seemed bare and baking in the sultry afternoon sunshine as Dorothy Meredith idly looked out upon its dusty street from her window at the Palace hotel. The Palace, a flimsy, two-story frame structure, wholly unpretentious except as to name, occupied a position well to the center of the place, its back to the creek which disputed with the road for right of way all through the narrow defile in which the camp had located itself. Across the street was a general store, which also served as post office, flanked on either side by saloons, that to the west being joined to an unfinished building of which the sun-browned timbers told of work long since abandoned, the one on the east followed by a small log house set well back from the street, which gave it an air of burrowing into the steep hillside behind. Farther along, as one looked in either direction, were to be seen other stores and saloons, the latter considerably predominating, their lines broken at near intervals by the door yards of modest residences where the homelike instinct struggled against heavy climatic odds in a sickly showing of geraniums and morning glories. There were a Chinese laundry and a bakery; a rickety frame blacksmith shop flaunting a covering of out-of-date circus posters, and an unpretentious drug store, developed out of the office of the one physician, who generally attested the healthfulness of the place by sitting all day long before his door, idly occupied with literature which bore no outward resemblance to medical treatises.

The houses were generally of logs, the few of frame for the most part left unpainted, and like their more primitive neighbors, wearing an air of premature age and decrepitude from the dark brown stains which the fierce Colorado sunshine had wrought on those sides which looked to east and west. Few were of more than a single story in height, although the stores and saloons,



Dorothy drew back hastily.

as a rule, had reached after more imposing effect in the square, sham fronts so popular in mining-camp architecture, while these had further emphasized their pretensions to style by washes of paint in which a preference for pure white had with the passage of time brought a painfully bedraggled appearance to the dusty place.

Rising abruptly behind the shabby procession of buildings on that side facing the hotel was a mighty hill terminating in castellated heights of red sandstone, a mass of color showing in superinduced brilliancy above the faded slopes which appeared dead beyond any hope of resurrection; and the stunted, dull-hued pines, sparsely dotting the expanse, gave scarce more vivid showing of life. All up and down this color-starved surface yawned prospect-holes beyond counting, a few gray dumps at intervals telling of deeper work; the smaller number still that had gone so far as to erect shaft-houses showing now for the most part deserted. It is the common background of the mining camp, this disproportionate showing of failure and success; and especially were failure and gaunt woe most in evidence in Windy Gulch in this summer-time of 1894, for its veins were mostly but rich in silver, the ill-omened metal at this time cast into limbo by the powers that shape the financial policy of the world.

But the camp wore an air of lethargic indifference to all its ills on this warm August afternoon. Its day began early, when the steam whistles of the working mines shrilly cried out for change of "shifts," and up and down the hills on every side the miners, always with tin dinner-pails swinging in their hands, might be seen going to or coming from their laboring like straggling processions of overgrown ants. Then women, bare-headed and bare-armed, came out to fetch water from the creek or to stand gossiping at their doors, while with loud cracking of the driver's whip the stage for Orodelphia would wheel up before the post office to have the lean mail-sack heaved on board with mighty show of importance. And after the stage would come a disjointed following of men on horseback and dusty couples in open carts; more often still heavy freight-wagons laden with ore and others piled high with fresh lumber exhalant clean, resinous odors; and these cumbersome conveyances with a gay jangling of bells at the horses' heads, for the road down the canyon was nar-

row, and for safety's sake it behooved that all give warning of their coming. All this was in the early morning, for the majority would choose to have the day before them for the long, hard trip to town, making their homeward way when the shadows had begun to lengthen and the air had grown cool. Now in mid-afternoon nothing disturbed the sleepy calm of the place save a few children and chickens pottering about in the thick dust of the street, the one brood apparently as listless and void of purpose as the other. Across the way, the postmaster, secure in belief that nobody would come bothering him for either mail or merchandise at this hour of the day, smoked in dreamy content, his thin form luxuriously telescoped in a wooden arm-chair, his long legs disposed across an iron wheelbarrow, which was evidently a part of his stock in trade. The saloon man next door was visibly snoring, his mouth a very cavern of escaping sound; while so long a time had elapsed since the doctor had turned a page of his book that it would seem he might well have committed the last to memory. There was a soft, broken murmur from the creek, a drowsy swish of leaves among the cottonwoods along its banks, and the stamp-mill at the far end of the place went on in a dull monotone, like a devil's tattoo that would never stop; but withal it seemed deadly quiet.

Dorothy Meredith yawned helplessly as she turned from her outlook behind the dusty lace curtains of the Palace hotel parlor to purposeless survey of the large, bare room. She had brought her book here in the hope of finding a cooler place than her room on the floor above; it was cooler, but the atmosphere seemed oppressively close, while there was that in the stiff arrangement of the conventional parlor suit of cheap furniture which somehow conveyed the impression that the apartment was not intended for everyday use. Now that she was here, Dorothy found herself instinctively stepping about on tiptoe, with a vague sense of intrusion, very soon deciding that even as a choice of evils the place would not do. She only halted while fretfully considering whether she should return to her room and take a nap or shake off creeping lethargy by going for a walk, determining finally to take her chances out of doors, although it seemed well-nigh like courting sunstroke.

But she loitered by the window a moment longer, now moved to idle curiosity by the sound of hoof-beats coming down the road, a small mischievous hope stirring in her mind that it might be somebody to pester the postmaster for mail or rouse the saloon-man from his dreams. But the rider had naught to do with either of these, as it soon appeared. He rode straight on to the doctor's office, a man who sat his horse with the easy, slouching grace of one accustomed to much riding, a young man at sight of whom Dorothy drew back hastily behind the sheltering curtain, her face all a warm, pink glow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A READY EXPLANATION.

It Took Quick Thinking, But It Arrived on Demand.

A Washington man is accustomed to using what he considers a very choice product of the distiller's art. His preference for the liquor in question has been approved by a number of connoisseurs in such matters, and he began to suspect that a colored man in his employ had added his indorsement in a manner tacit, but sincere. The compliment was a high one; for the colored man has long been employed in the culinary department, and he had a sense of smell and a keenness of taste which many a gourmet might envy. The demijohn which contained the liquor emptied with such surprising rapidity that its proprietor concluded to adopt radical measures. In the absence of direct proof, he decided to try strategy. He allowed the demijohn to become empty, and, instead of filling it again, put the liquor in bottles in his cupboard, and labeled them "poison." The word was printed in heavy, black letters, and a skull and crossbones were added, of a size calculated to make an impression on the most stolid. He kept an eye on the cupboard, too, and one night, as he came home from the theater, he caught the colored servant in the act. Seizing the bottle in mock terror, the employer exclaimed:

"Great heavens! Do you know what you are doing? Don't you see that what that bottle contains is marked poison?"

The colored man held it off and looked at it. Then he smelled it, and, with a look of melancholy, replied: "Tain' poison, suh. I's done been fooled ag'in."

"How dared you tamper with it, whether you knew it was poison or not?"

"Boss, it wuz dis-a-way. F'm de way you acted 'bout dat demijohn in de cellar, I done thought yoh had yoh s'picious on me, an' it made me melancholy, foh sho'. I's been tryin' foh mos' two weeks now ter commit suicide out'n dat bottle!"—Washington Star.

To Please His Public.

"These are the littlest sandwiches I ever saw for the money," said the traveler.

"It's like this," the railway restaurant man explained. "There was so much complaint of the quality of 'em that I thought I would make 'em smaller, so there wouldn't be so much to kick about."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Dr. Nansen's expedition to the North pole returned after an absence of three years. The highest latitude reached was 86 degrees 14 minutes, or 200 miles further north than ever reached before. No land was found north of latitude 82 degrees.

—It really isn't much fun to smoke if you have to be careful where you spit.

Why He Was Excused.

"You wish to be relieved from jury duty, but you haven't a good reason," said the judge.

"It's public spirit," said the unwilling talesman, "on the score of economy. I have dyspepsia, judge, and I never agree with anybody. If I go on this jury there will be a disagreement, and the county will have to go to the expense of a new trial."

"Excused," said the judge.—Green Bag.

A Truthful Saw.

When church is out, and Jack and Jill In linked seclusion stray, It takes them two long, lonely hours To pick their homeward way; And as it's scarcely half a mile, No reason can I find Why it should take so very long, Except that "love is blind."—Puck.

TO JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.



Guest—Is this steak broiled? Waiter—Yes, sah. What did you think had been done to it, sah? Guest—I did not know but it had been embalmed.—N. Y. Journal.

Felicitations Certain.

"It doesn't make no difference what happens," said Mr. Cornstossel, "us farmers is goin' to git congratulated."

"But the condition of crops makes some difference, doesn't it?"

"No. Ef they're big they'll tell us to be cheerful because we've got so much to sell. An' if they're scarce they'll congratulate us on the prices we offer get."—Washington Star.

Those Millinery Bills.

She—I think one thing is very unfair. A woman is forced to reveal by her name whether she is married or not. All men are called "Mr.," and there is no way to distinguish the married from the single by their names. He—Oh, yes, there is. It's very easy. She—How, I would like to know? He—Just examine the checks he signs.—Detroit Free Press.

Sizing Him Up.

First Tramp—Yer say der woman dat gave yer der grub didn't b'lieve ye war a gentleman in reduced circumstances?

Second Tramp—Dat's what I said.

First Tramp—Did she tell ye so?

Second Tramp—No; she brought me a knife ter eat der pie wid.—N. Y. Truth.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"It must have been a very tender-hearted butcher who killed this lamb," said the Cheerful Idiot, pausing in the sawing of his chop.

"Why?" kindly asked the shoe clerk boarder.

"He must have hesitated three or four years before striking the fatal blow."—Indianapolis Journal.

Modern Courtship.

She—Have you shaved to-day?

He—Yes.

"Have you perfumed yourself?"

"Certainly."

"Have you smoked any cigarettes?"

"No."

"Well, then, you can give me a kiss."—Tammany Times.

Another Thing.

Wife—You saw Mrs. Browner last evening?

Husband—Yes; but not to speak to her.

Wife—What a story! I heard you were sitting with her for more than two hours.

Husband—That's so; but it was she who did all the talking.—Up-to-Date.

A Questionable Pedigree.

Newrich—I'm going to plant a lot of shade-trees around my house. What sort is the best, do you think?

Bunsom—The shadiest kind of a tree I ever saw was that family tree of yours that you showed me the other day.—Up-to-Date.



Chicago Journal.

HER TROUBLES ARE MANY.

"THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE WHO HAD SO MANY CHILDREN SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO."

The National Failing.

Jackson—I'm going to start a new paper, and I think I'll call it the Umbrella.

Merrill—Why?

Jackson—Because everybody who sees it will take it.

Merrill—Yes, they'll take it, but they won't pay for it.—Up-to-Date.

For Brain Food.

Borus (somewhat in the literary line)—Naggus, I'm trying to collect material for another novel. Have you anything to suggest?

Naggus (somewhat in the book reviewing line)—Yes. Eat victuals that are rich in phosphorus.—Chicago Tribune.

Old Enough for Anything.

"I've brought you some lace for your stall at the bazar, Lizzie. I'm afraid it's not quite old enough to be really valuable. I had it when I was a little girl."

"Oh, that's old enough for anything, Jearrest. How lovely! Thanks so very much."—Tit-Bits.

Willing to Forget It.

She—I know that I'm not good looking, but people forget my face when I sing.

He—Won't you sing now?—Town Topics.

Every Man His Own Cable Car.

Plodding Pete—Say, Bill, I wisht I wuz a snake.

Bill—Wot fur?

Plodding Pete—So's I cud travel on me shape.—N. Y. Truth.

Sent by Pneumatic Tube.

Harlemite—You know that ten I owe you? I was going to send it to you by mail to-day.

Brooklynite—Well?

"Well—I blew it in."—Town Topics.

The Test of Wisdom.

How much of wisdom we can see With sages who with us agree. But fools who hold some other view—Oh, bah! They're not worth listening to.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

One Way to Reach the Goal.

"What would you advise me to do to become worth my weight in gold?"

"Well, you might try anti-fat."—N. Y. Truth.

Lapse of Memory.

She—Did you bring me that complexion powder?

He—Er—my dear, it slipped my memory entirely.

She—And yet before we were married you said my face was one no man could forget.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Revenge on a Rival.

He traced Maud's name upon the sand—A tribute to the lovely bud—A jealous wave rushed up the land, Washed out the "a" and left it "Mud."—Chicago News.

SHE MIGHT HAVE OBJECTED.



"Are you the head of the house?" "Sh-b-h! Don't speak so loud! I am!"—N. Y. Journal.

The World's Necessity.

Of "new religions" savants croak; Go to, ye overbold ones; New creeds we need not, but new folk To live up to the old ones.—Chicago Record.

And Well It May.

"Why is the circus lemonade pink in color?" asked Benny Bloombumper of his papa.

"It is blushing for itself," replied Mr. Bloombumper.—N. Y. Journal.

Utility.

There must be some who labor hard This old world to exalt; To furnish occupation for The people who find fault.—Washington Star.